The Whitechapel Horror and Other Stories.

Michael Kersting

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The Whitechapel Horror

(Jack the Ripper is the name that has been given to an unidentified serial killer responsible for murders occurring in the impoverished Whitechapel section of London in 1888. "Jack the Ripper" became the first internationally known serial killer. The name Jack the Ripper comes from the signature of a letter, dated 25 September, 1888, and received by the Central News Agency on 27 September, 1888.

There were 11 murders of prostitutes in the Whitechapel area from 1888 to 1891, known as the Whitechapel Murders. Five of these are commonly identified as the Jack the Ripper murders. Those of ***Mary Ann Nichols*** *at Buck's Row, Whitechapel, on Friday 31 August 1888,* ***Annie Chapman*** *at Rear Yard at 29 Hanbury Street, Spitalfields on Saturday 8 September 1888,* ***Elizabeth Stride*** *at the yard at side of 40 Berner Street, St Georges-in-the-East on Sunday 30 September 1888,* ***Catherine Eddowes*** *at Mitre Square, Aldgate, City of London on Sunday 30 September 1888 and* ***Mary Jane Kelly*** *at 13 Miller's Court, 26 Dorset Street Spitalfields on Friday 9 November 1888.)*

Four of the women were in their forties who,from descriptions,medical reports,and photographs, were harldly glamorous sex objects.Destitution and dissipation had aged them beyond their years.The fifth was twenty-four and no beauty. She was over three months pregnant at the time of her death.)

"Damn !, " cried Chief Inspector Petrie of Scotland Yard, as he finished reading the letter addressed to him.

His assistant Pims, sitting at his desk across from him looked up and said "What is it, Peter,?"

"Here, ,"He said, handing over the letter," read this for your self, another letter from the Ripper".

Pims took it and read :
Dear Boss,
I am enjoying this game of cat and mouse, so far you are losing looking in the wrong places,and I am under your very noses.I will give you a hint of my next venture,This time it will be out of Whitechapel.
Yours Truly,
Jack the Ripper.
PS catch me if you can!,Ha! Ha!
PS Wasnt good enough to post this before I got all the red ink off my hands curse it No luck yet. They say I'm a doctor now. ha ha
Pims put down the letter, looked at his superior, and said, "This could well be a ploy to put you off the scent, he’s clever chap,you know,."

"No, Pims, I have a gut feeling he means it.' He replied, " Now ,damn, We will have to spread out our search"

A few days later.

Spitalfields, London, November 1888.

1.00 am.

The night was cold and foggy. The street was almost deserted ,but for a few coaches passing by occasionally. A tall, lone figure was walking hastily,his head bowed,He was carrying a black bag. His footfalls echoed on the cobblestones. The thick mist swirled around him as he made his way along the deserted street.
"Feeling naughty,Sir?"asked a seductive, husky voice coming from the shadows of an alleyway . The tall man stopped. From his bearing, having a top hat and a long overcoat the prostitute figured he was a "gentle man" possibly on his way home. she emerged from the alleyway near a a street lamp. .
She was a bit on the plump side in her twenties, wearing a fur collared ,well worn brown frock that fell to her ankles. Her hair was a light red. A small artificial dot was on the right side of her red pouted lips and she smelled of cheap liquor.
The man stiffened at her sight. "*It is her*," he thought , " *At last I've found the slut"* In a well modulated voice ,he asked "How much?"
The prostitute, Mary Kelly, smiled, showing a missing tooth,
'For you, Sir, two Shillings!' she responded hopefully.with a slight smile.

*"Slut!"*He thought furiously.

"Where shall we go?" He asked bluntly .

"I have a room at the back "she replied softly," Follow me ".

The man clutched the handle of the little black bag he carried tightly.

The room was approximately 12 feet square. Opposite the door was a fireplace. On the left of the door and at right angles to it were two windows, one of which was close enough to the door as to be able to reach through it and unbolt the door. To the right of the door was a bedside table so close that the door would hit it when opened. Next to the table was a bed with the head against the door wall, its side against the right wall. The room contained two tables and a chair and a cheap print entitled "The Fisherman's widow" hanging over the fireplace. Opposite the fireplace was a small cupboard which contained cheap crockery, empty ginger beer bottles and a little stale bread.
"The money first, please" she requested politely.
"Money ? ah yes." the man replied evenly*". You bitch* !" he thought bitterly. He set the bag down on the bed and turned his back to her , she began undressing.

The man rummaged around a bit ,then turned suddenly." You?' she cried, recognizing him.

" Yes, me , Slut!,Remember?" she then froze with terrror at the sight of the long blade knife he held in his gloved hand. She tried to get away , but the man quickly grabbed her, covered her mouth with his other hand, and with a deft stroke,slit her throat. He then threw her squirming on the bed.

"Slut! "He screamed as he began slashing at her face "You must die!,whore" he raged," Die! like the rest of your stinking lot!". He went into a frenzy. He began cutting off her pair of still warm breasts and placed them on a bedside table. Then he gutted her from her breasts to her pubes in a single gash and ripped out her intestines, enjoying the gurgling sounds it made. Muttering to himself,he then piled them up beside the breasts,. Searching around the body cavity, he found her kidneys and cut them out .He then took out heart and began eating it, enjoying the texture. Afterwards he licked the blood that ran from between his fingers ,and continuted the mutilations . Cutting off her ears and nose,he placed them on top of the pile. Exhausted , he got up, wiped his brows, then slashed her face several times again and finally spat on her in disgust before he left and disappeared into the night.

Excerpts from the Boston Globe, November 9th 1888 :

London, Nov. 9.- *The city is again stirred to its very center, and again mysterious murder is the cause.*
The cause, this time, is evidently another in the dread Whitechapel series, though it differs from the others in some particulars. In the first place, this latest addition to the list of horrors was made indoors. A house in Dorset street, near Hamburg street, was the scene of the murder. A woman was the victim, as in the other cases, and her body was shockingly mutilated. It was found not many hours after the violence had been done.

The murder had been committed in the woman's own room.

News of the discovery spread rapidly after it was once given out, and in a short time the vicinity was thronged with excited and morbidly curious people.

The police authorities took charge of the body and the house at once after the fact of the murder became known to them. They brought into use bloodhounds, which were lately tested for the purpose of hunting own the Whitechapel murderer in hope that the brutes could catch the scent and follow up the trail of the assassin.

The Lord Mayor's parade made an emergency which called a great portion of the police force to special duty in controlling the crowds in the streets. Hence the rigid patrol which has been kept up in the Whitechapel district was somewhat relaxed.

This gave the murderer his opportunity, which he was not slow to seize.
He is evidently more vigilant than the police, and has the advantage that he can study their movements without being himself subject to espionage.

The present victim is the eighth who has fallen before the Whitechapel fiend.

The fourth one was found in Hamburg street, not far from the location of this one, and at the time she was discovered there was written on the wall near the body the legend: "Fifteen before I surrender."

According to this, seven more lives are yet to be taken, and from the success which has thus far attended the murderer's operations, it seems entirely possible, perhaps probably, that he will be able to fulfil his horrible intentions.

The appearance of the remains found last night was frightful, and the mutilation was even greater than in the previous cases. The head had been severed and placed beneath one of the arms. The ears and nose had been cut off. The body had been disemboweled and the flesh was torn from the thighs. The womb and other organs were missing. The skin had been torn off the forehead and cheeks. One hand had been pushed into the stomach.

The victim, like all the others, was a lewd woman. She was married, and her husband was a porter. They had lived together at spasmodic intervals. Her name is believed to have been Lizzie Fisher, but to most of the habitués of the haunts she visited she was known as Mary Jane.

She had a room in the house where she was murdered. She carried a latch key, and no one knows at what hour she entered the house last night, and probably no one saw the man who accompanied her. Therefore it is hardly likely that he will ever be identified.

He might easily have left the house at any time between 1 and 6 o'clock this morning without attracting attention. The doctors who have examined the remains refuse to make any statement until the inquest is held.

Three bloodhounds belonging to private citizens were taken to the place where the body lies and placed on the scent of the murderer, but they were unable to keep it for any great distance, and all hope to running the assassin down with their assistance will have to be abandoned.

Later that day, he stood among the crowd and watched as her remains were placed in a covered wagon and quickly removed to a mortuary adjoining the old Shoreditch Church. The crowd dispersed.

Later, the Ripper was in his flat sitting before the fire place sipping some Port. He was deep in thought. "*Some how, he's got to end this torment*" he thought .*He knew what he must do"* .he got up went over to his writing desk and began writing. *Dear Sir….*

Just then came a loud knocking at his front door.

"Who is it?"asked the killer.

"Police!" came the sharp reply. His heart pounding, he quickly threw the letter in the fire place, then composing himself, went to the door and opened it.

A pair of uniformed police officers stood on the threshold, one tall and thin, the other short and fat.

"Yes, Officers, what can I do for you?"He said trying to keep himself calm.

" I am Officer Percival," said the tall one, " and this is Officer Newton," indicating his friend who nodded.

"We are checking the neighbourhood, we saw that your light was on, so we came to tell you that should you hear any unusual sounds, please note the time and description. We have reason to believe the Ripper is hereabouts . The net is closing in on him,"

"I see ,is that all, Officer ?"
"Yes, sir, Just be careful."The officers wished him a good night amd left.

The doctor closed the door gently.

On the sidewalk, Officer Newton said suddenly.

"Did you noticed he was kind of nervous?"

"Who? him,? Don't make me laugh, Frank, he couldn't harm a fly,as a matter of fact, he is dedicated to saving lives, not taking them,

"Yes ,well, I guess so, it was just a thought."

"You worry to much, Bill."and yawned.

A few days later, the Chief Inspector received a letter addressed to him He opened it and began reading :

The letter fell from his hands and his eyes reflected shock and disbelief,

Pims hustled across to the desk, "Peter,are you okay?"

The Chief Inspector didn't reply, but nodded to the letter

Pims took it up and read :

Dear Sir,

By the time you read this letter I will be dead. I cannot go on like this. I must confess the torment is too much and weighs heavily on my soul. I cannot carry this secret for the rest of my life . I must now put an end to it. I confess that I am responsible for the last five recent murders here in Whitechapel namely that of Mary Nichols ,Anne Chapman, Cathrine Eddoes ,Elizabeth Stride and finally ,Mary Kelly in Spitalsfield ,the woman I was searching for, who not only robbed me, but also gave me the dreaded disease ..Infected with that dreaded curse,I was bent on revenge. Yesterday I found her again and I killed her . I also killed the others to prevent them from warning her ,but it later proved too strenuous for my conscience. and may all forgive me.

Signed , John Woodward ,MD.FRCS Alias : Jack the Ripper.

Later that night, the doctor stood on the bridge, heavy stones in his coat pockets. He took a last look around, climb the barrier and jumped into the murky waters below. Epilogue: The chief inspector's office.

"Damn! and he was right under our noses." said the Inspector,shaking his head in disbelief. He looked up at Pims and said, " The public must not know about this, Pims! Destroy it!" He ordered.

He did.!

The Whitechapel Murders stopped.

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Macabre

I hadn't heard from my wife in a forthnight and I became worried, very worried, for it was out of character for her not to write weekly. She was a member of an Anthropological Society in the States , and was on an expedition in the Amazon to study the culture of some tribes in the area.

In her last letter, she said that she was okay, and was enjoying the scenery and the flora and fauna of the forest, They would next be visiting the Jivaros Indians,and that was the last letter I received from her.

I contacted the Anthropological Society to see if there was any news on the expedition and it's progress. They told me nothing was heard from them in the last month,and were planning to send a team in the coming week to investigate.which was too long for me, so I took an early flight to Peru the next day.

I arrived at the Lima's Chavez Airport, a little after two o' clock, and took a taxi to the Sheraton Lima Hotel,where she said she was staying.

The Hotel was a fifteen storey affair built of concrete and glass,with the name "SHERATON LIMA HOTEL AND CASINO" written in bold letters above the entrance.

At the reception desk,I showed a photo of my wife to the receptionist. She was , a black hair , Hispanic woman about twenty four, with a Munroe bust, a Bardot hip line and a charming smile.

I signed the register, was given a key, and took an elevator up to my room on the fifth floor.

It was overlooking a huge swimming pool ,with the Sheraton logo in its center. A few people swam around in it.

I showered, change my clothes, and went down to the restaurant for a meal.

After eating, I went to the Casino and played a few games of Blackjack to unwind. After a couple of hours losing, I returned to my room and stretched out on the bed, watched some news on the Telly until I fell asleep,

The next morning, I went to the Lima Cultural Museum which was about a block away, and paid a visit to the Curator. I explained to him the situation concerning my wife. He told me that the expedition had left two weeks ago, and they haven't heard a word from them as yet, a team went to investigate, and they too had

disappeared. It was a dangerous part of the Amazon, he said, where the dreaded Jivaros lived. He couldn't understand why anyone would want to go there.

I explained to him that my wife was a stubborn woman.

I thank him and left.

The Jivaros , I later learned, were an old, hostile tribe ,who shun outsiders. Most people gave them a wide berth, even the Authorities.

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After a few days of making several inquiries, my hopes began to fade of ever seeing her again because most of the answers, I received were negative. They said that she was probably killed by the Jivaros,who hated everyone especially whites. All that bad news mademe sick and more depressed.

I put her photograph in the newspapers, offering a 500 Pounds reward to anyone who may know of her whereabouts,in hope that she may have been seen.

I asked around if there was any one who would take me to the area. They looked at me as if I were nuts or something.
As the days passed,I started drinking to drown my sorrow. Then one day, when I was about to give up, I got a call from the desk, saying that a man was asking for me.

I went downstairs to meet him . He was a short ,hispanic, middle aged , man in his fifties . He introduced himself as Pedro Amerez,of the Ministry of the Interior. We shook hands , and sat down in one of the booths in the lobby.
I offered him a drink, but he refused, saying that he was still on

duty, that, maybe, some other time.

“I think that I may be able to locate your wife.” he said pleasantly, with a heavy Spanish accent .

My hopes began to rise.

“Yes?” I said excitedly.

"Two weeks ago ,a trader reported having seen a red hair woman among the tribe.“

My hopes sprang, maybe she was still alive!

“Can you take me there?”I asked hopefully.

He began shifting in his seat.

“No !, no!, Senhor, you must not venture there. It will be very unwise, and very dangerous, going into that area,these people,they are still primitive, and it’s very risky, they trust but a few outsiders and hate the whites.”

“So I understand, “ I said, “ I will pay anything to get her back”

He raised his hands, “No! no ! senhor, no payment is necessary. I heard of your plight , and thought that maybeI can be of help.”.
He looked at his watch ,got up, and said “Well, senhor, I must be going,I shall inform you of any new developments."
We shook hands , and I told him I would appreciate his help very much,that I was extremely worried about her safety,of course.
He nodded and said” “I understand , Senhor, I love my wife, too.”
I gave him my room number to call anytime. He turned, and left the lobby,

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A week later, I got a call from Amerez.
“I have some news for you, senhor , could you please come to my office tomorrow?”
I told him I would, and he gave me the address and hang up.

Somehow I didn't like the tone of his voice. It sounded grave, ominous.

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Bright and early the next morning I arrived at the office and spoke to the receptionist . She was a blonde in her forties, with an expression that would have frozen an Eskimo. Her green eyes were hard as glass and just as expressionless.

I told her who I was .

She told me in a surprisingly pleasant voice that Mr. Amerez was expecting me.

She got up and led me down a long corridor lined on either side by polished mahogany doors. She stopped at a door marked with a brass plate“ P.AMEREZ, DISTRICT COMMISSIONER” in bold gold plated letters.

She knocked on the door,.and a voice said to come in . She opened the door and waved me in .stepping aside for me to pass.

“Thank you, Miss Mendonza” said Amerez.

The woman left. Quietly.

Amerez got up from his desk looking grave and solemn . He shook my hand and beckoned me to sit in a straight back chair opposite him across the desk.

"Mr. Matthews,I am afraid I have some bad news for you,'he said solemnly.

He pulled out a desk drawer, and placed a pearl necklace on the desk.

'Do you recognise it?" He asked." I figured it was hers. She was wearing it from the photograph posted"

I gasped. Indeed, It was June's necklace that I gave her on our twentieth anniversary. My heart skipped a beat as a cold chill ran through me.

“Yes.” I replied, quite shaken, " Where did you find them?" I replied, shocked and feeling a little numb.

“ We found it ,among others , at a trading post , in the Amazon River,” he explained. “ I am sorry,

but I am afraid, she’s dead, Mr Matthews,” He said ,avoiding my eyes.

"But, but " I stammered, "Surely she could have misplaced it?"

"No! no !,Senhor,I am afraid she is dead. We have positive proof, but I think you should let that suffice, Mr. Matthews.”

“Please,” I begged ," I must know," I felt tears welling up in my eyes “If there is anything else, show me.”

He hesitated for a moment, and said,” I rather not, Mr Matthews,” I insisted, becoming a bit angry at his reluctance.

He sighed, and said, “If you insist.”

He slowly took out another object from the drawer. It was

wrapped in black cloth.

“It was found along with the necklace".He said quietly.

He set the bundle down on the desk, got up, and left the room .

"I will be in the hallway, be brave," He said,

closing the door behind him. I wondered what he meantby that?

However,with trembling hands, I reached out, and began unwrapping the bundle, a series of confused thoughts racing through my mind.

I finally unwrapped it, and recoiled in horror, shock and disbelief, for there before me, was a shrunken head, the size of a man’s fist, with sewn-up lips and flaming red hair.

THE END

"Room to Let."

Noon.

It was a small quiet hick town in Memphis,Tennessee with many heritage houses from the Forties dotting the narrow streets.
As the rackety bus pulled up at the depot stop, Trevor MacGregor, writer, got off, carrying a brown leather duffel bag.

Just the place for me he thought,looking around at the quiet surroundings where the people he saw all seemed to be resting in the shades from the blazing noon day sun.A mangy dog nearby stretched and yawned widely.sratched it's left ear, then went behind a store.

He noticed that there were'nt many people around, anyway, all he wanted was peace and quiet, so that he can concentrate on his writing, and this looked just the place.He figured.

He took in a deep breath and sighed."What a relief to get away from the mad hustle, bustle of the city.

Unloading his luggage from the luggage compartment of the bus, he went in search of lodgings,. He saw a man lounging in front of a hardware store and approached him.

"Good day ,sir,Is there a guest house around here?"

"Yes, there sure is, young fella, try the "Knife and Fork," it's jes a block ahead. Tell the landlady that Will sent you ."The old guy then spat some tobacco juice in a bucket nearby.

MacGregor thanked the man, and sauntered up the dusty street.

Finally, he found the place.

It was a two storey buiding painted in white with a well kept flower garden in front.

The sign over the entrance read : " **THE KNIFE AND FORK, BED AND BREAKFAST"** in bold faded red letters. A little note beneath read : 'Vacancy"

MacGregor walked up the three steps, crossed a small porch, and pushed the door open. A bell tinkled as he entered.

The lobby was a bit gloomy looking, with stuffed animals almost everywhere. He walked over to the small counter and put down his luggage.

An elderly lady dressed in gray, emerged from a small door behind the small mahagony counter . She was carrying a small pot of flowers in her bony hands. She had bright blue grey eyes and cotton white hair. She set the plant down gently on the counter.

Her watery eyes looked him over quickly,sizing him up. 'Welcome," she said pleasantly, "I am Mrs. Robinson the landlady, what can I do for you?"

”Good afternoon, Ma’am, I am looking for a place to stay for a few days. I saw your sign.” He replied nodding towards the door.

The Landlady smiled,*He seems a pleasant young man* she thought

“ Well, you are in luck. I do have vacant room to let. She turned an old register around to face him on the counter.

“Please sign here” she said, indicating a line.

MacGregor took out a pen from his pocket, and signed his name, noticing that only two other tenants had registered previously. Both about a year ago, which made him curious.

She looked at the signature.

“It’s two pounds a week,Mr.Macgregor,including breakfast”.” She said and added “in advance.” .

“That will be fine, thank you.” he replied, reaching into his back pocket for his wallet.

He paid.

‘Please follow me” said the landlady. He took up his luggage and followed her up a short, creaky stairway, down a narrow corridor, to a room marked 3 on it’s door.

She handed him a key, smiled, and said, “Have a good day, sir, tea will be served at four o’clock “

He thanked her, he went into the room, which was a big chamber with a bathroom off to the side. The bed,centered in the room, was enormous. The tall gilt headboard was decorated with a pair of angels facing each other. The gold paint had dimmed, and the angels had cracked wings. There was also a huge dresser with a huge mirror with decorative moulding in a far corner.

*"A bit old fashioned, but impressiv*e." he thought,impressed. He always had a yen for Victorian stuff.

After a cold shower and a change of clothing, he decided to take a nap.

Later, at tea, and sitting across from the landlady, he said" I can't help noticing all the stuffed animals around. Are you a collector?"

"No, Mr MacGregor, I was a taxidermist before I retired." She smiled.

"And what do you do?" She asked.

"I am a writer."he replied proudly.

"Oh, really?" She said looking impressed."What kind of writing do you do?"

"Mostly fiction," He replied quietly," " Horror and Science fiction"

"Oh,that must be fascinating, creating all those scary situations?"

"Well, it does have it's bright spots, but it's truly a lot of hard work."

"Nothing worthwhile ever comes easy."she said looking steadily at him.

"I was just wondering, Mrs.Robinson, I noticed that there were two other tenants , a Frank Owens, the name sounds familiar, wasn't he the famous Archaeologist who disappeared a couple years go?"

"Yes,actually, Mr. Owens is a tenant, he is still with us."

"Really ?"

"Yes, but he's a very private person. He doesn't like to be disturbed, He likes to keep to himself, and I respect my tenant's wishes'.

"I see," he replied, " Just curious. I certainly would like to meet him, "

"Perhaps, I can arrange that for you, Mr. MacGregor."she said with a slight smile."Would you like some more tea?"

'That would be great,Thank you." He replied,
As she poured the tea into his cup,He said," I read some of his works on Ancient Egypt. Quite fascinating stuff, actually."

"What about the other person, Mr Donaldson, who was he?"

"Oh,Mr.Donaldson," she looked at him steadily then laughed "He was an Artist who came out here to do some rural landscape painting . He was a very nice man, a bit eccentric, wearing odd coloured socks and rather bright clothing and all that, but he was a pleasant man."

"Was?"

"Yes, He left here one day and just never returned. After a couple of days, I notified the authorities, a search was made for him, but they never found him. He just up and left. A very mysterious case that one
After sipping the tea, MacGregor said
"I think I will go for a walk."

"Are you alone here, Mrs Nelson ? "

"But for Mr.Owens, pretty much so ,Why?"

"I felt as if I were being watched,"

The landlady laughed.

"Oh, please, Mr MacGregor, it's just your imagination, I have to admit that the place can invoke spooky thoughts, but you don't have to worry, you will get use to it" she responded reassuringly.

He got up and said "Well, Mrs.Robinson, It certainly was interesting talking with you ."

"My pleasure, Mr MacGregor," She replied evenly,

On his walk, he passed some old Victorian houses in dire need of repair, their garbled bay windows cracked and shadowed, porches sagged,as he looked around, he felt a bit sad,

"A town gone to seed," he thought, "*and almost deserted."*

He stood looking at an old church, admiring the Gothic architecture,the stained glass coloured windows,the buttresses,the rose window above the entrance of a small church.

*"Those old architects sure had a lot of imagination",*he thought.

"New in town are you?"said a raspy voice from behind him, which startled him. He hadn't heard the person approached. He was a tall, gaunt man with a bald head and long, big knuckled hands,dressed in a faded black suit.

"Yes"

"Where you staying?"

"At the Knife and Fork, and who are you, may I ask ?"
"Oh, forgive my bad manners,I am Hudson, the town's undertaker" he stretched out a hand.

Macgregor reluctantly shook it. It was ice cold.

‘And what brought to our little town ,Mr …..?”

“MacGregor. I am a writer.”

”Yeah? Now ain’t that somethin, we had a writer fellar here once, name of O’Brien, he spent a couple of days then took off on the next bus out”

“Really ? Replied MacGregor,intrigued.” but why? do you know?’

“He claimed that the town was too spooky for him.”.

”Can’t blame him” thought MacGregor.

“Well, I gotta go”, Hudson said abruptly,” Nice meeting you, Mr.MacGregor,have a good stay”

He turned and left as quietly as he came.

Later at dinner, the landlady asked.“How was your tour of the town?”

“Fine.’ MacGregor replied” just fine, I met Mr. Hudson, the town’s undertaker”

Mrs.Robinson’s face turned as white as a sheet .

“Oh really,but that can’t possible be.”

“Why not?”

“Mr.Hudson died three years ago!”

MacGregor felt a chill ran through him.

“Really?” he said astonished.

“Yes, he died shortly after his wife .”

“You are pulling my legs, aren’t you?”

“No.”A chill ran down his spine and he felt goose bumps all over.

One day ran into another, and still no Mr. Owens, and MacGregor began to think that maybe Mrs.robinson was a bit dotty and only imagined that Mr.Owens was still there at the boarding house.

“What about Mr Owens?” he blurted one night over dinner.

“I will take you up to meet him as I promised.”She paused, “Are you still sure you want to meet him,Mr. MacGregor?”

“That would be great.”

They got up and he followed her up the stairs to a door marked 4, with a sign hanging on the doorknob saying in bold letters: “DO NOT DISTURB.”

She keyed it open. An overpowering, nauseating smell assailed his nostrils as she opened the door. A smell of leather and disinfectant and death.

She said, ”Well, Mr.MacGregor, there is Mr.Owens “

MacGregor looked, and recoiled in shock and terror. He couldn’t believe his eyes. A cold chill ran through him as he stared in total disbelief.

For there on the wall opposite him, stood five human heads mounted on highly polishedPlaques,their faces a blotchy white and their sightless eyes staring mockingly down at him!

‘Mr.Owens is in the middle.” cooed Mrs Robinson,and gave a mad,cackling laugh.

MacGregor gasped, then he felt a blow at the back f his head and everything went blank.

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MacGregor awoke in what looked like a dungeon. The place was dark . and shadows played from a couple of lit candles near a far wall. The pain in his head was overwhelming. His hands and feet were tied and tape was placed over his mouth. Then he saw a pair of bright red eyes staring at him in the dark, he gasped in horror, it was a monster rat !

It was famished. It hadn't eaten in nearly a week, and what it saw now looked like a fantastic meal. It could smell all that yummy meat, plump and juicy and just waiting to be devoured. As it scampered down to dinner, it's fat body waddled back and forth, dragging behind it a thick beige tail.

As it drew closer, it began to drool with ravenous anticipation. Just a few more feet and all the suffering would be over. It would finally be able to gorge.

MacGregor was hyperventilating now, gasping for air in quick shallow breaths. His eyes were darting around the room in a desperate effort to find any means of getting out of this predicament, when suddenly he saw something just out of his field of vision. It was something black, and it was moving in his direction. Jesus, that thing is big. What is it? In his current mental state, it took his brain a few minutes to process what exactly it was he was looking at. When it finally clicked, he began to cry for the first time.

The rat was also breathing heavy now, but not from fright. It had reached Macgregor's feet, and now smelled him. Its shiny wet nose pulsated in and out with every intake of air, the shabby whiskers on its cheeks dripping with muck. It darted from one foot to another, giving his shoes cautionary licks to make sure they were not dangerous. Satisfied that they were harmless, it made its way around to MacGregor's exposed hand. As before it sniffed at the flesh, then began to lick between his fingers. Determined to kill the pain inside its stomach, it began to gnaw.

MacGregor could hear the rat eating his hand,a shooting painran up his arm. His scream was mufled by the tape.then the thought hit him.

"He was going to be eaten alive!'

As MacGregor began to sob uncontrollably, a thick stream of bile dripping from his mouth, the rat continued its feast. First his lower lip, then his upper lip, moving on to his eyes, until gradually most of MacGregor's face was gone. Large chunks of skin and muscle were gnashed away, exposing the glimmering bone beneath.

Through the entire process MacGregor was awake and aware of what was taking place, only losing consciousness when the rat made itself visible again.

The sight of this disgusting creature chewing on a portion of his body was just too much to handle. He fell into a pit of darkness and despair, never to wake again.

After finishing its gruesome buffet, the rat slowly cleaned itself and sauntered off.

MacGregor was now a gory manifestation.

***

The next day the landlady went down into the cellar and saw the bloated rat lying in a corner. She looked at him and smile.

"Had your fill, dearie?" She asked.

The rat squealed delightfully and she smiled again.

The End

2218

Roxanne

(*A foggy night on a lonely highway.)*

The hitchhiker stood alongside the highway wrapped in a shawl. A slight drizzle was on and the night was cold and windy. Frank who was driving in that direction ,and seeing from the figure that it was a woman pulled up alongside her.

"Can I give you a lift?" He offered. The figure smiled at him and replied, "You sure can ,mister." Frank opened the door and she got in. He found a gear and drove on. She was a young woman about eighteen ,blonde, with piercing green eyes.

"How come you are on the road at this hour ?" Frank inquired curiously.

"My boyfriend left me because I won't have sex with him," she replied bluntly. "Fine boy friend you have, ditching you like this and in this weather" Frank replied sarcastically .

“Yeah,” She answered evenly, “He's a bastard all right, but I will get even !” she said bitterly.

“How far do you live from here?” Frank asked “A few miles down the road” she replied quickly.

“Perhaps you can come in and have some coffee,” She suggested with a bright smile which revealed perfect lily white teeth “You look like a nice man.”

“You mean you live alone?, asked Frank .

“Not really, I have a room mate,” she replied evenly,” but she's out of town, gone to see her parents”.

“Oh, I see” ,replied Frank

“ By the way, my name is Roxanne,”

“That's a pretty name , mine's Frank,” he offered smiling,

”Reminds me of a movie I saw years ago called “Cyrano!”

“Cyrano?” she asked raising her brows curiously

“Yes ” he replied ,”He was a master swordsman in France. ho had a huge nose, and any one who taunt him about it ended up dead.!”

“ Wow!” she said amazed ,”He was sure sensitive about it”

“Yes, he certainly was,” Frank said adding,” Any way, he had a secret love for his cousin Roxanne ,but he was so sensitive about his nose, that he declined to tell her.”

“His cousin?” she asked surprised. “Yes, They could marry in those days.”

“And what happened? ”she asked.

“Well” He continued,” Roxanne fell in love with a fellow named Christian ,but Christian was a shy young man, and he didn't know how to express his love for her so he told Cyrano who was also a Poet and a friend of his . Cyrano agreed to speak for him secretly as a kind of stand in ,as he did not want to reveal himself to her and Christian agreed of course, not knowing about Cyrano's secret

love for her.and with Cyrano's poetic words, Christian had won her over and they were happily married."

"Wow, that's a great story" She said in a child's voice," but, what happened to Cyrano?," she asked curiously. Frank noticed that her voice would change in to a child's voice occasionally, but gave it no thought .

" Well" he replied clearing his throat„" He became an alcoholic, and was killed when a coach that ran over him"

"How sad !"she said sympathetically .

They drove in silence a few more miles and the young lady said "You can stop here now, please." Frank looked out of the window at the house. It stood a short distance away from the road in what he surmised an isolated area, he couldn't see any other building nearby which he thought was strange.

It was a small bungalow with a little garden in front .

Roxanne got out and invited him and told him to follow. They walked down a narrow footpath to the door.

Frank stood motionless as the girl opened the door. Once inside, the girl switched on the lights, which revealed a very modern living room, with a fifty inch TV which faced a long cream leatherette sofa opposite. On the coffee table was a pile of women's magazines .

“You can sit down and make yourself comfortable while I go and make some coffee”She suggested with a smile.

Frank sat down as the girl went into the kitchen. A strange feeling of dread washed over him as he sat down. Something just wasn't right. but he couldn't figure out what! . He took up a magazine and began browsing through, uninterested.

“Are you married “ The girl asked suddenly from the kitchen

“Use to be, but that was five years ago! 'Frank replied

“I am sorry”she replied.

“That's okay,I tried ,but it didn't work out! ”replied Frank, “I guess we were incompatible”

“How do you like your coffee? “ She asked,

“Black!” Frank replied.

“Okay, one black coffee coming up !” She came out of the kitchen, holding a cup and saucer and handed it to him. Frank took it and smiled, “Thanks!”

“Drink while I go and change into something more comfortable”she said.

Frank took a sip.” Hmmm, tastes great! ”he said. Pleasantly,

“Thanks “she replied.

She turned and walked behind a curtain which hung over a doorway .

As he sipped the brew, he wondered what the night would bring . He still felt uneasy.

A short while later, she returned wearing a short , see- through nightie.

Frank gasped and almost spilled his coffee in response.

“Do you like it ?” she asked .playfully “Yes,very much” he replied staring at her young figure beneath the flimsy garment. He felt his heart leap into his throat and a twitching in his pants .

“ You look great !”he stammered setting down the coffee cup gently.

“It was given to me by my boy friend on my twenty first birthday “she explained. “He certainly had good choice ”Frank replied. She sat down next to him. He could feel her warm body close to him. His breathing became staggered . He hadn't sex in a long time ,his life being consumed by his work as a Chartered Accountant at a prestigious firm in the city.

“how do you like the coffee? She asked. ”Need a refill ?”

“No thanks .It tastes great “

“Glad you like it. You are such a handsome man” she purred ,stroking his face tenderly “

“Er ,well, I guess I do have my looks' he said.modestly.

She inched closer ,a far away look coming into her eyes .”I do like mature men. You know?”.

Frank didn't reply as he felt her hands on his crotch. She began kissing him and his passion reeled.

“Not here,” She whispered softly in his ear,” Let's go into the bedroom” .

She got up and said in a sugaryvoice ,”Follow me, love”she then winked at him. Frank now trying hard to control his erection followed like a dog in heat.

The bedroom was shadowy saved for a light from a bedside lamp.

‘Undress while I go and freshen up“ she said softly . In a flash, Frank got out of his clothes and into the warm bed, anticipating a

night of bliss and pleasure. He could hear a tap running in the bathroom. as his heart thumped in anticipation.

A short while later, she returned, naked, carrying what looked like a piece of silken cord in her small hands. “I like to play a little game first.” ,She whispered softly as she crept into bed next to him, lowering her firm breasts to his lips. Frank sighed .She began tying his arms to the bed posts. After tying his arms, she found his manhood and sat on it slipping it up into her hot well lubricated cunt... Frank sighed *I don’t deserve this*. ! He thought. He was elevated to bliss as she began moving slowly, sensually, up and down his stiff shaft. Hmmmm that feels good.”He moaned He closed his eyes to focus on the sensations that raced through his body.

“Filth !”, She screamed suddenly, “ You are all filth!” Frank opened his eyes and froze!. He gasped in horror as he saw that she held a huge kitchen knife in her raised hands . Her beautiful face

had now contorted into a mask of hate, her eyes flashing , she brought it down in an awkward curve into his throat. Blood spurted from his severe jugalur vein, Screaming insanely, she stabbed him again and again as the ugly face of her drunken father sexually assaulting her as a child flashed through her tormented mind .. Blood spattered all over her from the severed arteries. A look of horror and disbelief reflected in his now glazed, sightless eyes .

Satiated, Roxanne got off of his convulsing body. Her hair was now matted with blood that seeped down her face. She threw the bloodied knifedown and began crying, "Mommy, Mommy! Help me, please !" she repeated over and over again.

Later she dragged Frank's corpse to the pool of quicksand in her backyard and dumped the body in and watched as it disappeared beneath the soggy mud.

Frank was her sixth victim

The End ?

The Painting

Do you believe in Reincarnation,sir,? No you say? well a strange thing happened to me on my wife's forthieth birthday.

It all started when I went in search for a present for my wife's birthday. Seeing that she was an artist, I decided to surprise her with a painting .so I went into an art store in Kensington that fateful day.

At the art store, I was shown several paintings, but then when I was alone, I heard a soft voice saying "Buy me, Master, buy me !" the voice was so compelling, that I turned to look in the direction I heard it coming from, and looked into the pleading eyes of a full breasted, brown skinned girl ,carrying a basket full of fruits on her head. The painting was entitled "the Slave Girl". It was so detailed that I even saw a snake-handled knife protruding amidst the fruits. of course I thought I was going nuts- a voice from a painting but yet the girl's face looked familiar.but I couldn't recall where I had met her. However it was so well done and realistic.that I bought it. I could have sworn that her smile widened at the purchase.but then I put that down to my overwrought imagination.

At home, I took down the old landscape painting that hung over the fire place for decades and replaced it with the new painting. I.stood back and began admiring it once and the vague feeling of knowing her returned. It was so realistic, so beautiful, that for a moment I thought that she was alive, believe me.

I figured that as the wife was out shopping this should be a big surprise for her when she returned ,or so I thought.

I then retired to my couch turned on the TV and waited for her return.

About an hour or so later, I heard her car pulled into the driveway and her voice saying "Henry, could you come and help me with the bags, please!" I got up immediately and went to the car, give her a welcome kiss to which she said , "My, aren't we in a good mood today" and I then took out the groceries bags and we both headed for the kitchen door.adjoining the garage.

In the kitchen,after setting down the bags ,I placed my hands over her eyes and said ," I've got a big surprise for you !'

She smiled and said playfully,"Really? oh,Henry, why don't you grow up!".I then placed my hands over her eyes and steered her into the living room in front of the painting, removed my hands and cried out "Happy Birthday, Honey!" expecting her to cry out for joy, but to my surprise, she looked at the painting and instead she cried, "Take it away,! Take it away NOW!" she screamed.
To say the least, I was shocked at her reaction and. I couldn't figure it out!
"But, but, Honey I,I thought that you would like it "I stammered lamely.
Her voice became shrilled "Take it away, Henry , take that damn thing out of the house right now!" she screamed . Confused, I turned and looked at the painting and could'nt believe my eyes- the face had been transformed from a face of beauty into a mask of hate! The girl's eyes blazed in fury. I stood rooted on the spot, horrified, I had'nt noticed that my wife had gone into the kitchen .She returned with a huge kitchen knife and she was rushing towards the painting. I rushed over to try to grab her hand to stop her , then something struck me and I blacked out.

When I regained consciousness, the place was dark, all in a mess,. every thing was upturned as if a hurricane had passed through.My first thought was for my wife. I then called out frantically“ Helen !, Helen,! where are you? “ I cried

Silence.

I became quite alarmed of course, then I glanced at the painting and ,horrors on horrors, I saw nothing was there but the background of huts and trees.but t he girl was missing ! I couldn't believe what I was seeing. What madness was this ? I wondered. Is it all a dream ? my mind was in turmoil then I heard a soft groan. coming from a far side of the room,.My blood ran cold , a shiver ran down my spine as I saw my wife slumped over in a corner, the snake handle knife from the painting embedded deep in her chest which was all spattered with blood! I sprung up and rushed over to her ,my heart pounding in my chest.It was then I heard a shrill voice behind me.. I turned slowly and saw to my horror and dis belief the girl from the painting coming towards me, her bloody hands out stretched!” Mine !",she cried,in a raspy voice” Now ,you are all mine!”

Well they say here at the asylum that I was responding well to treatment and that soon I will return to society.but they have been saying this *three years ago.!*

Maybe all this wouldn’t have happened if I hadn’t seen her coming out of the motel with my best friend Bertie.

Freakhouse

The sign read in blood red letters "Woodside Guest House " There was a lot number saying 14 tacked to the side of a rusty gate. Mac stopped his car and checked his clipboard.

"It's the place all right" he said aloud. He got out of the car and looked at the building .

It was a two storey affair probably built in the early forties with a mansard roof, and huge bay windows in front. It was set back a short distance from the road and was surrouned by weeping willows trees. Upon closer inspection , Mac noted that some of the windows were barred.

Creepy was the first thought that came to his mind and a shudder ran through him . He then went to the back of the car and took out his toolbox from the trunk.

He went up to the door and pressed the door bell.

An old gray haired woman opened the door a crack

."Yes?"she asked in a frosty voice

'Hello there ," Mac said cheerfully "I am the electrician. I understand that there is a power cut on the second floor.

The woman smiled.

"Ah, yes, please come in. We were expecting you ,I am Mrs. Elliot, the care taker." She stepped aside and let him in.

Inside, he saw a young woman about twenty clutching a doll sitting on the stairs. And sucking her thumb. She looked at him from between a tangle of red hair. Her night gown was open and she sat with her legs parted. Mac stiffened at the sight for she had no undergarments.

The old lady must have sensed his unease .

"Oh, That's Betty."she said following his gaze.

"Hello, Betty, how are you?"said Mac smiling, trying hard not to look between her legs.

“Betty, closed your legs!”cried the old lady stiffly.

The young woman didn’t comply.

She s got up suddenly ,dropping the doll and quickly opened her night gown exposing her nakedness to him .

Mac gasped at the young magnificent sight.

The old lady saw the quick movement “Get back to your room,Betty, NOW!”. she ordered sternly.

Betty turned and walked upstairs. She turned and looked at Mac, smiled.

“See you later,handsome.”she said and disappeared around a wall.

“Ignore her” said the old woman in a huff “ she likes that and likes to startle people.”

What a weird way to startle someone. He though

The old woman then led him to a tool room.and switch on a light. He went across to the panel opened it and checked around.

"I will be in the lobby if you need me." Tha old woman said and left.

As he checked around inside he felt a presence behind him. He turned quickly and saw a tall strapping black guy staring intently at him .

He hadn't heard him approach and was taken aback.

"Oh, hello," Mac said nervously.

The black guy said nothing, but dipped into his pants pocket and took out a lollipop which he offered .

*From the looks of him, I'd better humor him. f*igured Mac still shakened.

"Why, thanks," he said quickly accepting it.with a smile

“My lollipop !, My lollipop!, I want my lollipop!”cried the man loudly.

Shakened at the sudden outburst, Mac handed it back quickly.

The black guy took it and said. “You tried to steal my lollipop. I will tell Ma on you.”

Mac , confused, couldn’t say or do anything . He just flabberegasted. He wanted to get out of this creepy joint and fast.

“Monroe , get back to the kitchen and finish moping the floor!. “ordered the old lady returning to the room.

“Yes, Ma “ He replied meekly ,turned and walked away.

“I heard his yelling.” she said apologetically .

“That’s Monroe, the janitor, he has the mind of an eight year old ,poor chap, ever since he saw his father axed his mother to death he’s been that way”.

Mac was speechless.

“Is there anything I can help you with?” she asked.pleasantly.

Calming himself, Mac shook his head.” “No, no,thanks, I am fine now . I have everything I need, It wouldn’t be long now.”

“Okay then.”replied the woman,”Call me if you need anything, I ‘ll be in the lobby.”she turned and left the room.

“Thanks.” Mac replied.

He quickly checked and found the fault in the wiring, fixed it, and was leaving when Betty bumped into him . She reached out and grabbed him by the crotch.

”Do it to me!” she said urgently. “I ‘ve just put Sandra to bed.” She started to unzip him.

‘sandra?

Yes my baby”

Mac then realized that she was referring to her doll.

Look. Miss, I am busy , maybe some other time ,eh?

“No, I want it now !” squeezing his balls harder.

“ “Betty ,get away from the gentleman NOW ,you hear me?”cried the old lady returning to the room.

Betty rushed over to her and grabbed her scrawny throat

“‘Shut up, you old bitch, I hate you!” and began squeezing the woman’s throat. Eyes blazing.

Coming out of his stupor, Mac rushed over and grabbed Betty’s hands ,pulling them away from the old woman’s throat.

“Stop it, Betty,”He shouted. She let go and turned to him and smiled “Anything for you, handsome.”

The old woman held her throat and began coughing. Mac went over to her assistance..

” Are you okay ,ma’am?” he asked .

“Yes, yes I think so.”she replied coughing loudly.’Damn that girl.”

“Shut up !” cried Betty .

“Should I call the Ambulance?”suggested Mac.

“No, No I will be alright,”

Munroe appeared carrying a large kitchen knife in his huge hand.

“What are you doin’ to Ma?” He cried raising the knife.

Mac stiffened.

The old lady looked sternly at Monroe and said “Put down the knife, Monroe, I am okay “

Munroe obeyed meekly.dropping the knife to the floor.

“You hurt Ma and I ‘ll kill you, you hear?” he said looking angrily at Mac

‘It’s all right, Monroe, go back to the kitchen,” she ordered.

Monroe left the room glaring at Mac who felt a shudder running through him at the threat..

Betty then rushed over and picked up the knife. She looked at Mac and said,

" It's a good night for a killing,huh"

Mac gasped and said,

"Give me the knife, Betty, then we can", He winked "You know what "

Betty smiled wildly and handed him the knife .

With a sigh of relief ,he took it and handed it to the old lady.

Then taking up his tool box he said." 'I 'll be back tomorrow,Betty."

"No, No I want you now!" she screamed. 'You can't leave., you promise…"

"Sorry, Betty, but I must go ."

He rushed to the door, turned to the old lady and said. “We will bill you later.”

He got into the car quickly leaving Betty standing at the entrance of the house, a frown on her cute face.

He stepped on the gas and sped down the road breathing a sigh of relief when he heard a familiar voice in the back seat saying

‘Want a lollipop?”

The Prostitute

It was a frosty Christmas Eve night in the big city. Light snow was falling silently on the ground, covering everthing with it's delicate flakes.
Sam's Bar on Front street, was crowded with revellers having a swell time. The place was thick with smoke, a cacophony of chat and loud laughter filled the bar.
The new prostitute sat sipping a drink at the bar in the small smoky joint. She was listening to a tall, slim, sax player named Neddy belting out 'The Christmas Song" on a small round dais. She was a well built, brown skinned woman, with a powerful figure, her brown skin, large breasts and broad hips looked beautiful in the elegant green dress she wore.
It was her first night there, and all of the regulars wanted a crack at her.
"Are you available?" said a soft voice on her right, breaking into her thoughts. She looked down at a short dude, dressed in a white outfit, with a red handkerchief in a breast pocket . He was flashed a double row of gold teeth as he smiled.
"You talkin' to me, honey?" She spoke defiantly, almost jeeringly, but something in her stance and bold stare, told him that she was ready for almost anything. He discreetly slid a fifty from a jacket pocket, widened his smile, and nodded.
'I'd like to make an appointment," he said slipping the folded bill into her hand, "That is, if you are available?."
She stared at him, then to the bill, then back, a look of utter disbelief on her face. Then suddenly, she grinned.
" Why, of course, I 'm available, sugar, check out room number 8, and wait for me, huh ?"
"Sure thing , sweetie. " the John said," By the way, they call me Horse."

“They call me Brown Sugar,”She said with a sly smile and slipped him a key, “Gimme a minute to stash my coat, and I ‘ll be right there with you…Horse”
Horse, filled with anticipation, turned and disappeared in the crowd .his wide brimmed white flop hat at an askew angle. He walked with a pronounced swagger..
In the room, he lay naked on a clean ,white sheet bed, hands clasped behind his neck, waiting. The place smelled like honeysuckle.
There was a soft knocking on the door. Horse got up and opened it. The woman slipped in and began undressing slowly.
” Before we do it, Hon, I'd like to play a little game, ” She said in a syrupy voice,as she slipped out of her pink, nylon panties.
Hell, he thought, *another kinky one, and all I want is to shoot my rocks off !*
“What kind of game, honey pie?” He asked.
She took out a blue silk cord from her purse.”This!” she said with a broad smile.
"Shit,!a bondage freak,he thought.
“How about giving me a bulb before we get into that, sweetie?”He suggested.
“Sure,why not,lover” she said, gripping his bone, tightly. She slipped it into her mouth and began licking the rim slowly, expertly. Horse slipped into third heaven
“How’s it feeling,lover?”She asked.with a sly smile.
“Hoooo! That feels great, sugar, but go easy, huh,. nice and slow ” he said, as he felt his penis growing under her constant licking.
“Wow!” she said amazed.“You sure got a son of a gun there.”
“Yeah,, they don’t call me Horse for nothing.” he bragged. proudly
“No kiddin.”,
‘Man, that feels great,”He moaned.
Enraptured, he allowed himself to be tied, spread eagled on the

bed. He watched her do a slow, tantalizing strip, which revealed a well shaped figure with firm jutting breasts. The nipples fully erect. His eyes strayed down to the black patch of hair at her crotch.
She then bent over and placed the tip of an erect nipple into his mouth."Suck gently,Tiger" she whispered. She then straddled him and slipped his now trobbing penis deep into her slick oven, and then began riding him slowly up and down.in practiced rythmn.
Damn, I don't deserve this ! Horse thought happily.
"Now, close your eyes for a big surprise, lover boy." She said soothingly.
He closed his eyes and sighed as the sensations rippled through his body.
He felt her mouth moving down his body to his penis ,which she engulfed into her mouth
"That's it baby, you are doing fine"He sighed.
She lifted her head and said ."I have a secret to tell you, Honey"
"Secret? What secret?"
"I am a Cannibal !"and bit down hard on his penis . He started to scream, kicking wildly, but the bonds tightened further on his wrists and ankles ,biting into his flesh.
The blaring sounds of "Winter Wonderland", coming from downstairs drowned out his screams..

The Highway Killer

He was just a punk kid about eighteen , skinny, with a mop of red hair hanging

from under a blue base ball cap. ,He stood almost in the centre of the highway,

waving me down. I felt sorry for him, so I pulled over and stopped .

“Where you going, kid?” I asked.

”To Kimberly.” he replied with a toothy smile.

Kimberly was the next town about 10 miles ahead.

“Okay, Kid, Get in ”I said.

He thanked me ,unstrapped his haversack from his back, and got in.

After he had buckled up, I found a gear, and drove off .

I turned on the radio which was playing some country music.

“So, what are you doing on the road at this time, there’s a killer on the loose in these parts, you know?’

“Yeah, I know,” he said,” a real nut ,if you ask me, he already killed six people…axed them to death, he did.”

I checked the fuel guage . It was almost empty.

“Looks like I’ve got to get some gas.” I said.

“A good idea,” He replied,” I also need to take a leak. ”

We pulled into a three pump gas station a couple miles down the road.

The Gas Station stood all alone in the midst of prairie land. A few rolls of Hay laid scattered about in the distance, next to an old red Barn.

An old guy came out of the store wiping his hands on a dirty rag as I parked the car.

“Well, What wiil it be?” asked the guy coming around to the driver’s window.

“Fill her up,” I said.

“Any washroom around here ? “ asked the kid .

“Yeah.” replied the old guy,” at the back of the store.”

The kid got out and went around the building.

The old guy uncapped the fuel tank,and placed a pump inside.

He said in a raspy voice,”Say, did you hear about them murders ?”

“Yeah ,” I replied,” it’s all over the news. Pretty grim stuff.”

I was feeling kind of tired from the long trip,and didn't really feel like talking, but being a nice guy, I figured that the old guy was a bit lonely,so I let him talk.

"Pretty sick guy, hacking up all them people like that. They say that from the remains, the guy must have used a chainsaw or axe on them". He continued, replacing the fuel pump." I heard that one of his victims survived and made a description of him ."

"Yeah? What did he looked like?" I asked.

"Well, for one thing, she said he had reddish hair "

'Is that right?" I said.

"Yeah,I heard he sure butchered them, alright, I can't figure what's this world coming to."He slipped the rag into his back pocket and said,

"Well, that will be two bucks" He said finally.

I paid him.

He thanked me, told me to be careful and went back inside the building.

Just then the kid came back outside carrying two bags of chips and a couple of Coke.

After we finished the snacks, I drove out of the gas station and headed back down the highway.

A few minutes of silence elapsed, then the kid said,

“You know,I was wondering about the killings,”

“Yeah? what about them?”I asked.

“What makes a guy go on a rampage like that.”

“Well, people kill for various reasons..revenge, greed, jealousy. Some times, they are just plain psychos, killing just for the pleasure of it”. I explained.

"I think it takes a lot of guts to kill" The kid said licking his lips.

"I heard he killed a kid."I said, "Why would he do that?"

Well,I guess that after awhile it didn't make any difference to him what they were, Men , women, children. They were all the same,I heard they got a description of him.”

“Yeah,?" I said curiously.

"So I heard"

"What did they say he looked like ?”I asked

“Well , for one thing, the survivor said he had red hair.”He replied.

“How about me, don’t I fit the description?”I asked playfully.

“Naw, you've got brown hair.”He answered.

I smiled. “I could have dyed it .”

The kid’s eyes widened at the implication, when he knew what was going to happen.

I stopped the car.

The kid opened the door and made a dash for it. The kid was

tough and fought bravely, but two whacks from my axe did him in.

I hid his body in some bushes nearby then got back into my car and drove away.

Sometimes I wish I could only get rid of these voices in my head that tell me to do these horrible things but I can’t.

Rush to Judgment.

I waited patiently in the hotel room across from the Courthouse for the punk
who kidnapped, raped and killed my little sister that I loved dearly. Today was the bastard's arraignment. I held my sniper rifle close to my chest, feeling my heart pounding with deep anticipation.

Eventually, what seemed like forever, I saw the prison Van pulled up in front of the Courthouse. I breathed a sigh of relief. The Van doors opened and two prison guards jumped out, followed by my quarry, Wayne Brewster, The bastard !.I felt a bitterness welled up in my throat as I saw him. I quickly focused the crosshairs of my rifle on his big head, then taking a deep breath,I pulled the trigger. I saw the punk's head exploded spilling bone,brains and blood all over the place. People began running in all directions screaming . I didn't wait, but quickly got up from my prone position and

dismantled the rifle in a jiffy and replaced the components in my travelling bag.

I left the room and walked down the narrow corridor and quickly entered the elevator to the ground floor. I got out and went over to the parking lot, got in my car and drove out of the lot amidst all the commotion around.

Somehow, I didn't give a damn whether I was caught or not. I had to get the bastard as revenge for what he did to my darling little sister. Tears rolled down my cheeks as I drove towards home, but I felt an inner satisfaction. My duty to my family was accomplished. I felt great!

Safe in my apartment, I went over to the fridge, took out a couple cans of beers and sat down and turned on the TV with my remote

and checked out my favourite news channel for the news..

After the ads, the Anchorman came on and said," The alledged killer of the MaCarthy girl, Jill, Wayne Brewster,was assassinated while entering the courthouse a few minutes ago. The police are investigating, but have no leads as to the assassin as yet."

“The bastard!”I cried aloud bitterly. I opened a can of beer and began sipping the cold brew,enjoying the cold liquid slipping down my throat. The phone rang. I reached over and picked it up, a familiar voice said at the other end ,‘Ronnie,did you see the news?’ It was my big brother, Don.

"Yeah, I heard some one got Brewster!"

There was a chuckle on the other end of the line, then Don said "Yeah ,Ron , I bet you do. Well, how’s the weather over there in Calgary?"

"Fair to cloudy" I laughed,"

“Tell Mom I say hello,"

"I sure will, Ron, good Job!" And he hung up.

A few weeks later, I received a phone call. It was Don and his voice sounded frantic ‘Shit, Ronnie, It wasn’t Wayne who killed Jill “

"What?" I replied stunned, I almost dropped the phone. My blood ran cold, I just couldn’t believe it.

"What the hell are you talking about, Don, he was the last person seen with her."

"Yeah I know,that.” He replied.

"Who was it,then?” I asked, the tension building up in my chest as a wave of nausea began piling up in my throat.

“It was Frankie. He confessed."

"What!" I said, shocked,’ “Are you shitting me or what?”

“No, Ron “He replied glumly,” I am serious”.

Frankie was the meek nerd who lived three doors away from our

home . The boy in the neighbourhood most likely to succeed .
It came out at the trial that Frankie was secretly in love with my sister and figured that if he can't have her, then nobody else will, so he killed her and dumped her body in the river.

As Frankie was being led away after the life sentence was read, he shouted " She was MEANT for me!". I wanted to strangle the bastard then and there.

As for me, I was consumed with guilt. I couldn't live the rest of my life knowing what I had done, so I made a confession to the police, handing over the murder weapon.
I got a life sentence for second degree murder with a possibility of parole after fifteen years .
I felt I deserved it!

THE END

Killer !

Jackson watched her moved in from his apartment's window. She was beautiful,full bodied and a brunette. He felt excited. He loved brunettes. especilly loved to kill them.

It all started back in his youth when he fell in love with a brunette named Hyacinth. She was in the same choir with him and she spurned his advances,telling him that he was "not her type". It hurt then and it still did, even after twenty years..

Then the killings started and he murdered twelve women since then. All brunettes .The cops were after him ,of course,and he had eluded them for six years. He killed at random ,off and on some times months on end , which made it difficult for the authorities to catch him. The press called him the "Brunette Killer." He liked that . It had a great ring to it. but the cops were fools, depending mostly on tips from citizens. Apart from that, they were

incompetent jackasses he concluded and he despised them for that. He even sent type written notes to them from time to time taunting them. One such was "I spoke to a couple of you guys the other night, catch me if you can" and signed BK for Brunette Killer. He taunted them just like Jack The Ripper (who was his favourite serial killer) did in Whitechapel,London back in 1888. He had even tried to copycat Jack leaving some of his victims disembowelled, but after a couple of victim he found he hadn't the stomach to carry out such mutilations. It was too gory for him. So he garroted, raped and slit their throats. He found this method less messy.

Now there was this new tenant. How appropiate. It was ironic. He didn't have to search for them this time. She had come to him. What a bonus! he concluded excitedly. She would be lucky number thirteen

He studied her movements for a couple of weeks found out that her name was Rachel and that she lived two floors below him at number fourteen and that she had a boyfriend named Frank ,who would pick her up on weekends. He seemed to be well off,always dressed in well tailored suits,he noted, and a pang of jealousy would washed over him combined with bitter hatred. It reminded him of Hyacinth and her "high falutin' boyfriends.

It was a cold windless night that Jackson decided to kill his neigbour. He looked at his watch. It read 6:30. She would be here from work in another fifteen minutes. She was a precise person he had observed and very punctual.

In his apartment, Jackson reached into his coat pocket locating his black driving gloves. He liked the feel of the type with the holes in

them for his knuckles to show through. The thin piano wire was in his other pocket along with the serrated knife. "Guaranteed to cut thru a stale loaf of bread and even a steak bone."The TV ad said. He stepped off on a dream tangent momentarily recalling the advertisement.

He went out into the long narrow corridor and down the stairway to Rachel's apartment. He gripped the bannister with one hand and took each step with meticulously placed footsteps so as not to make a sound of his trespass.

The hallway offered a weird silence and no one was in sight. He slipped a credit card between the jamb and the lock and pushed against the door. The door clicked and opened a crack.. Rachel didn't have time to secure and mount her dead bolt as of yet. He listened intently before entering.

There was a loud ticking of a wall clock as he closed the door behind him and locked it. He went directly to her bedroom. He smiled displaying his decaying teeth as he opened her dresser drawers. He fondled her delicate silk underwear stroking them with the gentleness of petting a fawn, and breathed in their tantilizing smell , getting a slight erection.

The phone in the living room rang .He stiffened. The answering machine picked it up on the fourth ring.

"Baby, it's Frank..I 've got the contract and we are going out to celebrate. I'll pick you up at 7:30 . Bye now,Ilove you.sweetheart" The phone clicked off. Jackson smiled weakly. He scanned the bedroom

For a place to hide.

He entered the bathroom. behind the shower curtain! Yes ,he reasoned...No wait! He changed his mind abruptly. He stepped from the plastic tub pushing aside the white vinyl curtain. And entered the walk-in closet instead. He placed his back to the wall of the closet and waited now for Rachel's shower when she came home from work.

He held the closet door open a crack when he heard the key enter and the tumblers drop from the lock. Rachel clicked on the red flashing light of her answering machine and heard her lover's voice. " I love you Sweetheart!" she yelled after she heard the message. He carefully closed the door tightly now. Rachel had gone into her bedroom. He heard her steps hurrying, frantic as she searched though her drawers and closets.. He held his breath as he heard her just on the other side of the linen closet door. Hoping

she would not open it and find him there.

He gripped the wire with both hands and pulled it taut.

She went to the living room and clicked on her stereo. " I will always love you" by Dolly Parton was playing loud.

He heard her turn the faucet for the water.. He pictured her testing it. The metal rings which suspend the vinyl curtain slid across the stainless bar. He paused for a moment before he opened the closet door a fraction of a space.

She was in the tub now. The water caressing her every charm. Her shaving razor was on the sink. He emerged totally from his hiding place and reclosed the closet door. He stood facing her separated only by a thin piece of plastic. He watched her silhouette rubbing her head and washing that lavish brunette hair. Her hand emerged from the tub groping for a towel lying nearby . He backed up quickly against the wall away from her searching groping fingers. He slid by just in time avoiding her contact and the realization he

was there.

Tightening the grip on the piano wire once more he stood ready for when she pulled the curtain aside.

The music stopped in the living room. " What the hell?" she said as she slid the entire length of the curtain over.

His outstretched muscular hands lunged with the wire at her throat. She tried to scream. He felt the tension shimmering through her naked body . The shower curtain came down ripping through the small holes from the weight of his body upon her. Her blue eyes were full of panic now as he tightened his grip and twisted it firmly around her slendor neck.

"Die, Bitch, Die!" he cried savagely. as he saw Hyacinth's face replacing Rachel's in his craze.

He hunched over her kissing her bare breasts while still holding her with the wire securely around her throat. She fought back

aginst his weight kicking, clawing, grabbing at anything that was a part of him. She wanted to cry but couldn't.

Rachel felt the nauseating dreary darkness, associated with death enclosing around her. He pinned her beneath him releasing his grip a bit so he could explore more of her body . She had gone limp in his arms . Her eyes had bulged and rolled back into her head. He reached in his pocket for the serrated knife to finish his dissection.. He plunged the knife deeply into her soft stomach. "Spurn me ,will you ,you frigging, uppity whore!"The splattering of blood sprayed upon the tiles, her face and her hands .. Her thighs jerked convulsively as she struggled to breathe .

Suddenly Jackson felt a ,burning across his throat he touched his throat and it came away with blood. His eyes gave a worried hysterical look as he stared at itfoolishly. He tried to raise up and

scream and felt a knee in his back .while his stomach lurched in violent tremors. He turned his head to see a man with a long, thin blade knife held in his hand..The tip was driping blood. His blood.

"I don't know who you are, Friend, " said a calm voice, "but you saved me a lot of grief on how to get rid of her, my wife was getting suspicious"

Jackson eyes gave a blank far away stare an expression of shock and dread on his twisted face. As he died.
Frank ,Rachel's boyfriend placed the knife in her hands and left the apartment.

The End

The Asassination

The Assassin's bullet struck the President's head at approximately 3.15 on the afternoon of a crispy day in October.The impact of the bullet spewed blood , brain and bone all over the stand .

There was a stunned silence of disbelief for a few seconds,then all hell broke loose as both guests and spectators ran screaming in all directions for safety. It was all caught live on local and state TV, even the involuntary convulsions of the headless body spewing blood from the severed arteries all over the secret service men.

A smile of satisfaction crossed the assassin's face. 'Mission Accomplished" he gloated. He got up from his prone position and dismantled the rifle, quickly ,expertly, and placed the various components in a "carry all" travelling bag. He knew that one dayhis sniper's skill would come in handy.

" Now for phase two " he told himself excitedly, " The better part !" which was collecting the rest of the cash he was offered by the insidious organization that hired him.

He was to go to a certain numbered mail box at a certain post office outside of the city, after the job was done, and there he would find the remaining amount of his fee.

The Assassin quickly removed his gloves, picked up his "carry all"traveling bag that had stowed the dismantled rifle, and stepped out into the long, narrow green carpeted corridor. He entered the elevator and made his way down to the ground floor, where he calmly walked over to the parking lot, got into his car "So far , so

good", he whispered to himself, " Now for the big times ahead," he quickly slipped the car into gear and drove off out of the lot.

At the post office, The Assassin took out the key given to him by the conspirators,from hid coat pocket, located the designated box, inserted the key ,and turned it quickly. The explosion that followed, shook the little post office to its rafters. The Assassin never knew what hit him as he was blown to bits by the explosives.

The End

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Night Visitor

Getting away from the hustle and bustle of city life , I decided to take a trip into the country for my sanity's sake.

In a small village, I booked into a guest house for a few days.

Around two a.m,that morning, I heard a soft knocking at my door which aroused me from my much needed sleep. bloody annoyed ,I got up and went to the door. A soft feminine voice said, 'Wayne, open up, It's me, Violet!".

"Wayne? Violet?" I never heard of them. However, I opened the door ,no bothering to turn on the lights. and a short Amerindian woman breeze in the room . She went immediately onto the bed. . She lifted her dress and slipped off her undergarments.

"Come ,Wayne, we must hurry, He'll be coming home in a couple of hours." She urged.

I kept quiet, not wanting to surprise her.with my voice

We had a couple of hours of passionate sex. And I must admit she was quite a wildcat in bed. Afterwards, utterly exhausted from my pleasant exertions, I finally fell asleep.

When I awoke the next morning, she was gone. I was nonplussed to say the least.wonderingif it were all a dream.

At breakfast, I asked the landlady if she knew a Wayne.

She looked at me kind of funny and replied that *he was the chap in the room next to mine.*

The Delivery

The young married couples' big day had arrived.

She was in the delivery room. Her husband Robert sat next to her, holding her hand, giving her moral support and wiping her brow occasionally.

The nurse, realising that the moment is at hand, with her eyes fixed on the Doctor's hands yells,

" Push, honey, push hard now , we are almost there ! just a little bit more to go !"she cried urgently.

The young wife, with sweat beading up on her face, with painful moans and cries, pushed harder.

'You can do it, honey, push! Push!" urged the husband, squeezing her hand tightly.

The baby's head begins to emerge slowly , ever so slowly. Then ,suddenly, all of the attendants , including the husband gasped

'What is it, Robert? what's the matter?'cried the wife anxiously,

seeing the startled expressions .

Robert turned white as a sheet staring at the infant

"I—It's baby, Martha " stammered the husband, trembling.

'The baby?" she asked, her face a mask of apprehension," What,

what do you mean, Robert, what's the matter with our baby?"

'It hasn't got a mouth!" He replied in total shock and horror.

The End

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Wolfman of Calgary

Jack Carter was bitten by a wolf in a dark forest when he was in Romania a month ago. The old man who rescued him said that as he survived, he would change into a werewolf every night of the full moon, he almost laugh in the old man's face. He didn't believe in such nonsense. *A werewolf in this Twentieth Century? hogwash!* he concluded.

At his Apartment in Calgary on a full moon night, he felt a strange burning sensation washing over his body. He felt confused . By some esoteric force, he was drawn to a window, The moonlight washed across his face. His face began to change . The burning became more intense. There was absolutely no doubt that something weird was happening. He looked on amazed at his hands. His fingers were slowly lengthening, and the nails were starting to grow into long, pointed claws. Dark gray fur sprang up all over his body, and his muscles spread. His clothes were ripped ,and fell away, as he changed shape. His arms lengthened, claws clickng on his paws. His face jutted forward, his nose and mouth melding together in a tooth filled, saliva dripping muzzle. His eyes sank back into his face, getting redder , more feral. His ears lengthen, the lobes disappeared, and pointed dog like ears sprouted. His hair vanished in the gray fur as the transformation continued.

"No ! No!" he screamed, *"It cannot be* !". A blood thirst began filling his thoughts. "Blood , I must have some blood !" he cried in a deep growl. He opened the window and climbed down a tree at the back of the yard and raced into the night on all fours. Then he

saw her. A lone woman. Helpless. The thirst in him grew! .He hid in some bushes nearby. The woman stopped,suddenly feeling that she was being followed, She then turned and gasped at the huge grey wolflike creature following her. She tried to run. The creature went into a crouch then sprang towards her. She screamed in fright. He slammed into her, knocking her off balance and both fell heavily on the ground . She struggled bravely for her life, but she was no match for the hulking werewolf. His furry arm raised and came down in an awkward arch . The crushing blow cracked her skull killing her instantly. He began licking at the warm blood that emerged from her shattered skull. Satisfied, he raised his massive head and gave a blood curdling howl to the moon.
A bum nearby heard the howling and got up. His liquor filled thoughts trying to focus. Then he saw the creature.
"Shit !"he cried. The werewolf stopped it's howling, turned and looked at him . It's burning red eyes glared at him. The bum began running, the werewolf went after him in leaps and bounds saliva drooling from his mouth. He snarled once then made a flying leap, knocking the man off his feet . the man fell forward landing heavily on the ground. The werewolf on top of him. The man began screaming. The Beast lifted it's his paws...
A bum found their mutilated bodies the next morning.
Back in his Apartment Jack Carter lay naked on the floor ,his mind confused. Blood was every where. He couldn't remember anything.

The next night .

The prostitute walked a bit unsteadily along the sidewalk. As she passed a shadowy alleyway, a hairy hand struck like a snake and wrapped around her mouth, dragging her into the darkness with such strength that she was lifted entirely off the ground. There was

a loud growl. She kicked wildly but hit only air. The last thing she saw was an open mouth of long yellow fangs.
The RCMP Officer squatted next to the body and saw the blank stare of the young woman who couldn't be more than twenty-five under the heavy makeup. The eyes were wide, and her mouth gaped open in surprise, in a scream, or perhaps to beg for pity. The perpetrator had shown none. Instead he had ripped her throat out.
The seventh for the past month with the same modus operandi and the RCMP couldn't figure out. They knew that the typical serial killer either strangled or use some weapon to kill his / her victims, but this one uses neither, and it seems just brute strength and savagery.
citizens held their breath in fear .Both uniformed and plain clothes officers were every where in the Downtown area where most of the murders were committed. The killer seems to strike at at random which made it difficult for the investigation.

It was about 12.30 am the next night. Frank Collins, a loner, boarded the Transit bus to downtown Calgary, took the LRT and got off at Dalhousie, a Calgary neighberhood. He was an unsmiling young man about twenty five, thick black hair and greenish eyes.
The next day at the Calgary Police Service Headquarters on 6 th Avenue, Chief Inspector Forster was at his desk, Telephones were ringing all over the place. His deputy, Peter Patterson, was lolling in a swivel chair opposite his chief, reading a couple sheets of paper
"Another murder in Dalousie last night, same M.O." said Patterson evenly .
The Chief Inspector sighed.
"We have got a lot of work to do, Peter, the Mayor is breathing down my back for a quick capture. We are dealing here with a vicious and clever serial killer,obviously!"

"Yeah, but this is a new slant, ripping out the victims' throats!."
"That's what bothering me, Peter, serial killers usually strangle their victims or use some sort of weapon, it seems,somehow ,as if some *animal* is at work"
"Perhaps it's a werewolf." suggested Patterson bluntly.
Forster smiled, He was in one of his rare good moods.
"A werewolf in this age, Peter? Don't make me laugh, you've been seeing to many horror movies "
" Don't laugh, James," said Patterson, picking up a sheet of paper from his desk."I've been doing some research ", he said looking at the sheet,"it says here and I quote"that if a werewolf bites you and you don't die, you're doomed to turn into a wolf on the full moon."
He paused, "if you check all of the murders.They were all commmitted on the full moon, four across the city in one night. "
Forster nodded"Yes ,that's correct, but that could be sheer coincidence."
"Too many coincidence if you ask me." He paused,"Anyway it says here,"To discover the identity of a werewolf, you wound it and search for a similar wound on a human or shoot it in it's head!"
"Where did you get that stuff ?" Forster interjected.
"On the Internet"replied Patterson."I am interested in that kind of folklore . It makes you wonder if all that info from around the world is all superstition. The odds are against it. Werewolves were reported in many countries mostly in Europe and most having the same MO, ravaging their victims, both man and beast, and tearing out their throats .The throat being the main target"
"Well, forget that nonsense,Peter,we are in the Twenty First century now,so let's do some *modern* investigation."

He got up and walked over to a map of Calgary on the wall. It displayed six coloured pins on the locations of the previous six murders.
***
The next night in Downtown Calgary, .a security guard was on his way to work when he heard a low growl coming from an alleyway. He saw something moved. He approached the entrance cautiously "Who the fuck is in there?" He shouted firmly. He took out his flashlight and switched it on.
"Jesus!"He cried backing away at the sight before him..
The light displayed a huge wolflike creature crouching on the ground. It stared fixedly at him, Their eyes met, but the man's brain only registered it's size and the yelow eyes. They held him there, spellbound, freezing him in place. The figure seems to float towards him and everything went blank!. He made a gurgling sound as his throat was being ripped out viciously.

A patrol cruiser was in the vicinity ,as the occupants, Constable Frank Smith and his pardner Joe Hendricks related in their reports later, they saw the huge ,gray creature emerging from the narrow hallway. It stopped and looked at them,raised it's massive head and gave an unearthly howl . 'Shit! Do you see what I see, Frank ?" said Joe unbelievingly.
"Yeah," Frank replied,"but,fuck, I can't believe it!. look at it's fucking size!… let's give chase, man !".
The creature saw them and raced along the side walk at an incredible speed, it's breath heaved in and out, spuming clouds of steam before it. It's great shaggy chest raised and lowered, and it's powerful shoulders surged forward.
Joe, at the wheel, increased speed and followed. The creature turned and snarled at them, then ran into an alleyway. The cops got out of the car and drawing their guns, they approached the

alleyway cautiously. Their hearts beating a tattoo in their chests,.One stood on each side of the entrance. There was a low menacing growl coming from the dark. Guns drawn, they flashed their torchlights into the dark and gasped. The creature was trapped against the blank wall and stood in a crouched position facing them ,looking at them steadily ,It's yellow eyes burning into them,ears held close to it's head.,then, with a loud growl, it sprang!. Officer Joe said",Shit!" and squeezed off three shots in quick succession. He suddenly slip and fell on the side walk. The shots caught the beast in midair and spun it around. And it fell a short distance from them.The creature snarled, saliva drooling all over him, got up quickly and tried to get away. Officer Smith emptied his service revolver into it. One of the bullets entering it's head,spilling blood, bones and brains all over the sidewalk.
A crowd of curious onlookers,attracted by the gunfire, gathered around the fallen creature, keeping a safe distance, as it began to changing slowly into a man. The crowd gasped in disbelief at it's slow transformation ,
'Shit, man ,what the fuck is going on" cried one of the onlookers staring unbelieving.
Officer Hendricks went quickly over to his fallen pardner.
"You okay ,buddy?' He asked.concerned.
"Yeah, I will live, did you get it?"He replied getting up.
"Yeah, I got it allright and it fucking changed into a man!", He added
"No shit ! You gotta be kiddin' me?"
"No , man, it was real!"
"I thought that crap only happens in the movies"
Frank went over to the crusier and radioed headquarters through his CB " "Hi, Bruce, it's me, Frank " he said, " we've got a situation here, come quickly, We are at six Ave and Eight street,send an ambulance, I will explain later."

Shortly after, two squad cars arrived at the scene with an ambulance in tow.
Police photos were taken of the body and the attendants then took it away , sirens blaring.
Fingerprints were taken and they were later traced to Frank Collins,Further investigation lead to Collin's apartment in the Huntington Park area in the North West of Calgary.
On a coffee table was a diary. Constable Peterson picked it up and flipped through the pages and was shocked at what he read October 23rd *:*

I cannot go on like this, killing innocent people because of my curse of being a werewolf. I am responsible for the six killings that took place recently here in Calgary .Earlier this year I was bitten by a werewolf while in the woods while in Romania. An old gypsy told me that since I survived I would change into a werewolf every month. I laughed in her face putting it down to superstition. But I know better now, it's true!I began feeling different, my body felt as if it was burning and a craving for meat and blood engulfed me.I wanted to kill myself after the first killing but hadn't the nerve to do so.butI can't go on living the rest of my life under this dreaded curse. I know what I have to do to end this dreaded curse and I ask forgiveness for all the suffering I have caused. But under the curse, I cannot control my self, This will be my last entry. Tonight I will go into Calgary…which I hope will be my last night..May all forgive me.
He handed the Diary over to Forster and said.
"Well, what did I tell you."he smirked," it *was* a werewolf after all."
Forster said nothing.
Later that evening at his home, Chief Inspector Forster, looked at himself in the mirror and said "Damn!,I am glad we finally caught him.. Calgary is too small for TWO werewolves" and began changing into a werewolf!

THE END (2169 words)

The Execution

A bright, crispy, October day on Devil's Island,French Guiana.1888.

Overhead, the sun beat down mercilessly upon the infamous prison's compound, where the dreaded Guillotine stood alone and foreboding in the middle of the square..

A huge beaked Toucan Bird, perched on a branch on a nearby tree close to the prison ,looked down curiously at the drama unfolding below.

A stout man, hands tied behind his back,kicking and screaming was being led up by two convicts up the thirteen steps to the platform, where the lonely guillotine stood. It's sharp blade glinting in the noon day sun.

"No! No !" he cried. "No!"

The hooded Executioner, a tall, burly man, stood with his hands folded across his chest beside the Guillotine, his cold eyes fixed on

the struggling man.

LaCarre, the Prison Warden, was the most hated man on Devil's Island . He treated the prisoners like dogs, He picked on them for the least infraction, and love to send them to the Box, a small 4'x4' enclosure, with a corrugated zinc roof, placed in the centre of the compound,next to the guillotine, where the accused prisoner was placed in solitary confinement. He even sent some to the Guillotine.

One day, the prisoners having enough of his harsh treatment ,decided to rebel and capture the "Beast" as La Carre was called in the prison.

After a short squirmish with the prison guards, whom they had easily overcomed, they captured the sadistic La Carre, and led him screaming and kicking up the thirteen steps to the Guillentine platform ,where he now stood, trembling in his boots.A large crowd of prisoners now circled the execution block cheering and

booing at the now pitiful sight of La Carre trembling like a leaf, all his bloster and high and mightiest gone.

The Executioner began pulling the blade up into place with a long rope.

La Carre was then placed FACE UP on the block,being made to lie on a bench, and watched, horrified, his eyes bulging , his fat body quivering, at the blade ascending slowly.

The thought of his head being chopped off raced through his agitated mind.

'No! No!' He screamed.''Mercy !I beg ,mercy !''struggling.

A hush fell over the crowd. "I see the great La Carre now begs" said a prisoner to his friend nearby.

"Yes,Phillipe, the bastard had it coming, worked us to the bone in the timber grant." he spat in the dust, in disgust.

The Toucan cocked it's head as another bird joined him on the branch..

“Have you anything to say before you die, Pig?” asked the head man . Pierrie, The leader of the rebellion. He was a tall,thin man , wearing an eye patch, dressed in stripped prison garments .

‘Mercy, I beg you, have mercy!” I,I don’t want to die, Please!” He pleaded,his fat face awash in perspiration.

“Mercy? when you have never shown any?” replied Pierre scornfully.He then walked across to the Executioner and whispered something in his ear.

The crowd stirred impatiently.

Pierre then nodded to the Executioner, who released the rope a second, and then caught it expertly, as the blade was but two inches from La Carre’s throat.

La Carre soiled himself and fainted.

The crowd roared.

The End (539)

Time Warp

My name is Vincent and I always like to think myself as a 'Realist' and shun everything that couldn't be proven scientifically. I also scorn anything "Supernatural"as sheer fiction of the imagination. however, the story you are about to read changed all that.

It happened late one night as I was driving home along a lonely highway in Memphis, Tennesee ,when I saw a thick, green luminious mist forming before me. I was a bit puzzled at it's appearance to say the least, however, I continued driving and heard a lot of crackling sounds as I drove through it. I must admit, I became scared for it *was* scary.

Finally, in what seems a lifetime, I emerged from it a bit shakened but continue driving until the car shuddered to a stop. I had ran

out of gas. Cursing all creation, I got out, went around to the trunk, and took out a jerry can,hoping to bum a lift to the nearest gas station.

After a short while, a small truck pulled up and the driver asked where I was heading in a slow Southern drawl. He was kind of youngish and some how looked familiar .

I told him to the nearest gas station.

'Okay, sir,hop in."he said politely.

I got in, resting the can between my knees.

After a short while he said,"Do you like country music ,sir?",

"Yes," I replied, "My favourite singer is Charlie Pride, the black singer."

"Charlie Pride? I never heard of 'im, " said the young man.

"Well. I have to admit, it's a bit unusual for a black person singing country music. We more associate blacks with rythmn and blues, jazz, etc."

“Yeah, I guess.”said the young man, “but I never heard of him.”

Eventually ,we pulled into a three pump gas station. I got out filled up the can at a pump, then we went into the little convenience store attached to the station to pay for it. Inside, the young man asked what I was having to drink. I told him a Coke would be fine. He nodded and went over to the coke machine as I looked around. The whole décor was set in the fifties.

There was a Wurlitzer juke box blaring a Hank Williams tune,”Cold, Cold Heart” it,s mournful melody filling the air. The crowd were mostly men dressed in western gears, chatting.. I went over to a vacant booth and sat down.

“Now, that there is the grand daddy singing.”said the young man smiling, returning with a couple of Cokes. He sat down opposite me.

“Yeah, he was great artist .” I said sipping the drink.

“Was, sir,? Why, he ‘s having a show at the Grand Ole Orpy

tonight."

An eerie feeling washed over me. I couldn't explain it, but I felt that something was terribly wrong.

'You've got to be kidding me, son, Hank died fifty years ago!"

He looked at me straight in the eye as if I was nuts or something.

"No, sir, he ain't, " he got up, and went across to a stand with some newspapers on it. He shuffled around a bit, and returned to the table and sat down, "Look here, " he said ,flipping through the pages "Here , see for yourself, "

He looked at me kind of odd and handed me the papers.

I took the papers from him and looked .and sure enough, there was a photograph of Hank and his Drifting Cowboys all dressed up in cowboy clothes smiling for the camera with a caption beneath saying "*Hank Wiliams and the Drifting Cowboys will be performing at the Grand Ole Orpy tonight at 8 pm sharp!'*

I couldn't believe it, I checked the date and it read : *2/ 8/1952* .

A cold chill ran through me. .

‘Are you okay, sir ?”asked the young man, with much concern in his voice.

“Yes ," I replied weakly and wondered if I was dreaming.

”It’s just that I-- I am a bit confused.” I stammered. I looked at his face, the feeling that I knew it returned.

“What’s your name, son?” I asked.

“Elvis Presley” the kid replied.

I was thinking of becoming a Monk and ending my days in prayer and meditation, when I first met Loretta at a party given by a mutual friend of ours.

We were introduced by the host .She had beautiful, long, black hair, framing her lovely, heart shaped face. Her soft green eyes seem hypnotic in its brilliance, and her ruby red lips, were full, well shaped, and held a bewitching softness to them . I was captivated immediately.

She played hard to get. Perhaps my reputation as a "ladies man" had gone before me.

I tried almost everything to win her over, but to no avail. She just kept snubbing me. I knew that she liked me by the way she would looked at me with her warm eyes, but every time I approached, she would run away or make some lame excuses.

She went abroad eventually, and she faded from my thoughts.

As luck would have it, I met her late one night, in a city, twenty years later.

Recognition was instant , but I felt something was amiss. She hadn't aged a day since I last saw her, which I felt was uncanny. She should have been about forty years old, but she still looked twenty.

I invited her to coffee, which to my surprised, she accepted.

"I can only talk for a few minutes, " she said evenly, "then I must leave."

We found a roadside café for which France is famous , went inside, and sat down at a table near a window. I ordered some coffee and muffins..

As we ate, she said, "Well, Frank, what are you up to these, still chasing the ladies?" She smiled. revealing pearly white teeth.

I smiled, still captivated by her beautiful eyes and musical voice.

I looked into her eyes, 'You haven't aged a day," I said truthfully, "Still beautiful as ever."

She blushed like a teenager.

"So how it's been with you? Married?" she asked slyly.

"My wife died ten years ago, in a car accident."

"Oh, I am sorry " she said apologetically.

"That's ok, I am now a respectable business man." I said with a bright smile.

'That's great, Frank, I always saw it in you, the drive, the ambition. Even in the old days."

We chatted for a few minutes and she told me how she had met this rich gentleman that had a castle in Barcelona. They got married and they lived unhappily ever after.
"I have a secret, Frank." She bit her bottom lip. "I. I…" Her voice trailed off and she looked away.

"Yes?" I prompted.

“Oh, Frank, I cannot tell you.” she said, avoiding my eyes.

“Please, Loretta, perhaps I can help you.” I pleaded.

“No, it’s too late, Frank.”

She got up abruptly, without explaining.

‘I must leave now,” she said, ”thanks for the coffee. It’s getting late, I had always loved you, but my parents barred me from seeing you, and others, They told me I must wait until the right person came along. They said you were too wild, and would only make me unhappy.” A bitterness crept into her voice.

“I guess they meant well...”

I escorted her out of the café.

“Can you meet me tomorrow, same time, same place?” I asked hopefully.

She shook her head.

“That would be impossible, Frank. We planned to leave France tomorrow.”

“We?” I asked.

“Yes, my husband and I” She answered.” He’s at a meeting, and I have to go and meet him.”

“Perhaps ,you can call me, then,” I said, giving her my business card. She hesitated, looked into my eyes, then took it quicky.

“Perhaps,”she said evenly, slipping the card into her purse.

She hailed a taxi, got in, and drove away.

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A couple of months later ,I got an unexpected phone call at home while I was watching the news on TV.

“It’s me, Loretta ,” said a desperate voice, ”You must meet me at the same café, tonight. It’s urgent!” I looked at the clock. It read 8 o’clock. I told her I would, and the line went dead.

We met later at the café. She was carrying a Duffel bag.
“You must help me, Frank, I can’t go on like this,” she said desperately.

“What are you talking about, Loretta?”I inquired.

“Let’s go somewhere where we can be private.” she suggested.

I suggested that we can go to my apartment.

“No! no ! A motel would do.”

We found a motel outside of town. I booked in for the night.

In the room, she went over to the bag and took out a stake and a mallet. I was shocked. She handed them to me saying :

“You must do it, Frank, if you really love me, you must do it.” she said repeatedly.” You must end my misery, my curse.”

“What are you talking about?” I said perplexed. I thought she must have gone mad or something.

“I am a vampire, Frank, and I killed many people, even children when the blood lust is upon me. My husband bit me on our wedding night.”

I couldn’t believe what I was hearing.

She stripped and lay naked on the bed. Her body was white as alabaster .

“Do it, Frank, do it!” she ordered. “I want to die!”

I was at the bed side. I held the stake and mallet in my trembling hands. Confused. I hadn’t expected this, maybe a night of sex ,yes, after all these years, but not this? I wanted to leave, run away. But her eyes held me hypnotically.

As I hesitated, she reached out and grabbed my hand and placed the stake between her full breasts.

I felt blood rushing to my head, I was so confused.

‘ I can’t !”I cried weakly

“ I can’t go on like this , Frank, if you love me , you will do it before it’s to late!”

A parade of confusing thoughts raced through my mind.

Her face began changing grotesquely into a frightening mask of horror. Her ears became huge and pointed. Her eyes, enlarged and glittering, looking at me steadily. Her teeth became sharp and pointed. Her nose flattened like a bat's.

I watched in horror at the transformation before my eyes. She looked me in the eyes and said in a weakened voice.

“Now, Frank! Strike!”
I raised the mallet, and brought it down hard onto the stake.

She screamed as the stake became embedded deeply in her chest . Her body arched at the blow. Blood began spurting out of the fatal wound. Her body began convulsing involuntarily in the death throes, then finally, relaxed.

I looked down at her . Her face began changing back to normalcy. A look of peace on her

beautiful face. A smile on her lips. I stood over her, transfixed, rooted to the spot, then I fell on my knees.

“What have I done?” I thought.” What the hell have I done?!”

My head felt as if it was on fire. I was brought out of my frantic state by a loud voice .

“ Hey, what’s goin’ on in there ?’ said a harsh voice from outside the door, then came a loud, persistent, banging .

‘Open up!” said the voice again, forcefully.

Dropping the mallet, I got up and walked on leaden legs, to the door and unlocked it.

It was the owner. He rushed past me into the room.

“Holy Shit!” he said loudly,"Quick ! Someone call the police!”

He came back outside, looked at me, and said in a harsh voice, "Stay right where you are, creep!”

A small crowd gathered around in the lobby, murmuring, and keeping their distance..

I sat down and waited for the police to arrive, still confused.

I was still in a stupor when they took me down to the Police Station. I couldn’t even remember the drive downtown to the station.

I was taken into a small room and was read my rights.

“She told me to do it,” I explained lamely, "she was a vampire..."

The interrogator looked at me scornfully and said, “Yeah, right!”

The End

The Confession 2

The Cathedral was almost empty but for a few devotees scattered about the pews, when a lone figure dressed in a long black coat and carrying a black duffel bag walked in. He shuffled down the aisle, genuflected, then entered the confessional box that read "FATHER O'BRIAN OFFICIATING"in large block letters.

" Bless me Father for I have sinned," The man began hesitantly "It's been" quite a while since my last confession, I accuse myself of…" He paused " ..Father, If I confess, will you call the police?"" " I took a vow of confidentiality"replied the Priest rTassuringly. "then l,I accuse myself of killing five women recently".

The Priest gasped at the confession and wondered if it was some prank. A cold shiver washed over him. It was the first time in his twenty five years of hearing confessions,that he had ever heard such a one, however, he took in a deep breath calming himself then said "Go ahead, son, tell me about it, what made you do it?"

he asked curiously ,trying to get a glance at the man's face which was bowed.

"It was a whore, Father,"The penitant replied bluntly," a dirty, stinking,rotten whore.She laughed and mocked me ,"

"Yes?"

The voice continued a bit hesitantly,"She laughed at my prick , Father, telling me she had never seen such a small prick on a grown man before,it was like a child's,she said, too small to ever satisfy a woman!"

The confessor began sobbing.

"Control yourself, son," urged the Priest from behind the meshed divider,"and then what happened?"

"Well, are you sure you won't call the Police, Father" He asked again.

"I an assure you I won't,son" replied the Priest reassuringly .

"..And that's, that's when I started butchering them, Father, I

wanted to kill them all!" said the voice rising in anger "Now I can't even get an erection, Father, I am no longer a man !"he paused then blew his nose into a kerchief he drew from his coat pocket, "Sorry about that, Father." He interjected.

'That's okay, go on,son, tell me more"

"then I began my search for the bitch who did this to me, "

"but there are remedies,…. said the Priest soothingly "I can arrange…"

"No!no! Father,It's too late for that" the voice cut in "I am doomed as a man" He said "Doomed because of what that slut told me!"

There was some shuffling on the other side of the meshed divider.

"I must go now, Father,!"said the voice suddenly.

"Wait! "said the Priest,"I must give you absolution and penance to do"

"I can't wait ,Father,I t's too late, I must leave at once, the urge is

upon me.” !"

‘Your name, son, " cried the Priest urgently, "What is your name?"

"Jack the Ripper !"

Upon hearing the name, the Priest rose quickly from his seat and rushed around to the adjoining booth. He grabbed the Penitent by the throat and began strangling him in a mad rage saying a loud angry voice:

"One of your bloody victims was my niece,do you hear, butcher, my niece!".

There was a loud crack as the Penitent’s neck snapped beneath the Priest’s strong hands.

It echoed through the quiet Cathedral.